

SONNET XXVIII.



WELL may my soul, immortal
and divine, That is
imprisoned in a lump of clay,
Breathe out laments until this
body pine.

That from her takes her pleasures
all away. Pine then, thou loathed prison of
my life!

Untoward subject of the least
aggrievance ! O let me die! Mortality
is rife !

Death comes by wounds, by sickness, care,
and chance. O earth, the time will come
when I'll resume thee,

And in thy bosom make my resting-
place; Then do not unto hardest
sentence doom me!

Yield, yield betimes! I must, and will have
grace ! " Richly shalt thou be entombed !
since for thy grave, FIDESSA, fair FIDESSA !
thou shalt have ! "

SONNET XXIX,



ARTH! take this earth wherein my spirits
languish ! Spirits, leave this earth that
doth in griefs retain ! Griefs, chase this
earth, that it may fade with
anguish!

Spirits, avoid these furies which do pain
you! O leave your loathsome prison !
Freedom, gain you!

Your essence is divine ! Great is your
power ! And yet you moan your wrongs and
sore complain you,

Hoping for joy, which fadeth every hour! O
Spirits, your prison loathe, and freedom gain
you !

The Destinies, in deep laments, have
shut you, Of mortal hate ! because they do
d disdain you !

And yet of joy that they in prison put
you. Earth, take this earth with thee to be
enclosed! Life is to me, and I to it,
opposed !